

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

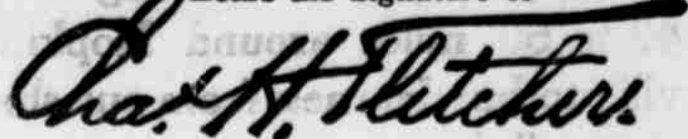
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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MARKED CHANGES OF MOODS

Vendome Column, in City of Paris, Has Had Many Vicissitudes Since Its Erection in 1806.

When the Vendome column was created in 1806, it was surrounded by a statue of more than three meters, representing Napoleon, garbed as a Roman emperor. He held in his left hand a little winged Victory, in bronze, the feet of which rested upon a globe. In 1814 when Caesar became Bonaparte, the statue was taken down, not without trouble, and taken to the foundry where it was recast in the form of Henry VI, destined for the Pont-Neuf. The little Victory appropriated by some workmen, escaped recasting. The statue of the emperor was replaced by a white fleur-de-lis flag, which was taken down in 1830. The following year saw the placing on the monument of another statue of the little corporal. Twenty years later Napoleon III decreed that the Roman emperor should take his place in the sky. Dumont, who was commissioned to this work, executed the statue that we see today. The last little Victory was found and replaced in the imperial hand. In 1871 the Commune pulled down the column. The statue of Dumont was repaired and erected a second time on the reconstructed monument on the 28th of December, 1875. But the little statue of Victory had crumbled into the soil. It will return in a new work by Antonio Mercie that will be called "Gloria Victoribus."—Le Cri de Paris.

SPRINGTIME



The springtime rain is falling
In valley and in dell
Oh, that the cost of living
Could only fall as well.

HUGE SEARCHLIGHT.

At the time of the disastrous fire, which ruined the Edison electrical plant at East Orange, N. J., the salvagers were unable to find the jars containing diamond points used with the disk phonograph. Since this loss of several thousand dollars' worth of points might have been prevented, had the searchers been provided with powerful enough lights, the inventor at once turned his attention toward making such a searchlight. When turned upon the side of a building at night, the result is a glare equal to that seen at noonday. The light will be invaluable in fire-fighting, doing night track-construction work, illuminating mines in emergencies, and in coast life-saving work. The searchlight is somewhat of a heavy weight, and must be hauled on a truck by two men.

AN INSTANCE.

He—You can't understand the anxiety with which one goes into a forlorn hope.

She—Oh, yes, I can. I saw Miss Oldgirl headed for a beauty parlor yesterday.

MAMMA'S LITTLE GIRL.

The Dominie—Are you your mamma's little girl?

Edith—Papa says I am whenever I've been naughty.—Life.

ITS LACK OF USE.

"The craze about the souvenir spoon is never heard of now."

"No; the souvenir spoon has ceased to make a stir."

STATUS QUO.

"Does she love him well enough to marry him?"

"Oh, yes; but he believes in letting well enough alone."

HER ATTRACTION.

"They say that Miss Plainleigh is in love with herself."

"Heavens! She must have a pile of money."

FLUNKIES MADE NO MOTION

Too Well Trained Even to Turn Their Heads When Collie Got Into the Carriage Behind Them.

About her fine collie, Max Gladstone O'Connor, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor tells many engaging anecdotes in her book, "Dog Stars."

All the cabmen at the cabstand, writes Mrs. O'Connor, had a word for Max, and hopefully he frequently got into a waiting vehicle and sat there until the laughing "cabby" drove him up and down the embankment.

One lovely morning in June I was walking through Grosvenor square when I observed an equipage, the like of which is to be seen only in London, waiting for some great lady. The large, satin-smooth horses, jet black, were perfectly matched; the silver-mounted harness glittered magnificently; the long, lemon-shaped barouche was lined in wine-colored satin; the coachman and footman, both big, fine-looking men, wore powdered hair, claret-colored broadcloth liveries, richly adorned with silver buttons, and high hats with silver bands and cockades. Conscious of their importance, they looked neither to the right nor the left, but with proud eyes gazing into space remained immovable. Such magnificence could only be the product of an old, picturesque and self-respecting aristocracy, possibly the carriage of royalty.

Suddenly I missed Max. He seemed to have disappeared as if by magic, for he was not on either side of the street, and yet it had been only a moment since he was trotting by my side. I turned back and, as I passed the carriage, looked up, and there he was, smiling and at ease, sitting in the back of the wine-colored barouche on the tufted satin seat.

"Max," I called, "get down at once and come along!"

Those massive, self-important lackeys never winked an eyelash. They must have seen him get into the carriage, and certainly they saw him get out, but they made no sign. And I am confident that if a kangaroo had taken a flying leap into that opulent richness he would have been treated with the same silent, crushing pomposity.

LITTLE BIT OF EASY MONEY

Clubman Knew Well What He Was Doing When He Made the Bet With His Friend.

In an office building in the downtown district there is a club on an upper floor, with an express elevator service for members, says the New York Evening Post. The other day two men emerging from the dining room consulted the elevator floor indicator. The arrow moved in two shifts, one of them the club elevator express.

"It's wonderful how much time a man can save by these expresses," remarked one of the pair.

"Nonsense," said his companion; "I can get to the bottom on a local and beat you."

"Bet you ten dollars you can't," was the reply.

The cages in both shafts opened with a click, and without further parley the two men entered different elevators. The local got away a fraction of a moment ahead of the express. When the man in the express stepped out on the ground floor his acquaintance was waiting for him.

"How did you do it?" gasped the express passenger, digging down for the forfeited banknote.

"Easy," said his companion. "I save my elevator man half the bet in advance—and he didn't make any stops."

Dates Mixed.

She was a tired old colored "mammy" who evidently had had experience, for she told the conductor on an Illinois street car twice the other evening that she wanted to get off at Washington and Illinois streets.

The car crossed Market street and the conductor called, "Illinois and Washington. Transfer for Bismarck, Riverside, etc."

The car passed on, and the conductor obligingly called again. But Mrs. Rastus sat.

He walked up in the car, and touched the old woman on the arm, and said again, "Illinois and Washington. Here's your stop."

"Go 'long," said the passenger, "I wanted Washington and Illinois street, not Illinois and Washington."—Indianapolis Star.

It Wasn't Petty Larceny.

The big, flat-footed negro was up for theft.

"I caught him nipin' a fresh-made pumpkin pie from the MacGregor house on Marguerite street," explained Officer Carey.

"Did you?" demanded the judge.

"Dat's a rough word, yo' honoh—sayin' I done stole it. Now, as ter de truf—dat punkin pie was settin' dar on de winder ledge, abandoned, jedge. Nobody nowhar nigh hit, jedge. Hit wuz a case ob 'justifiable adoption,' brought on by de Christmas aperrit."—Case and Comment.

City-Seat.

And still the population of the United States keeps heading for the cities. More than 40 per cent of the people of this country now live in incorporated towns.—Buffalo Times.

Transformation.

"What is a practical politician?" "In many instances," replied Senator Sorghum, "he is a reformer who has backslid."

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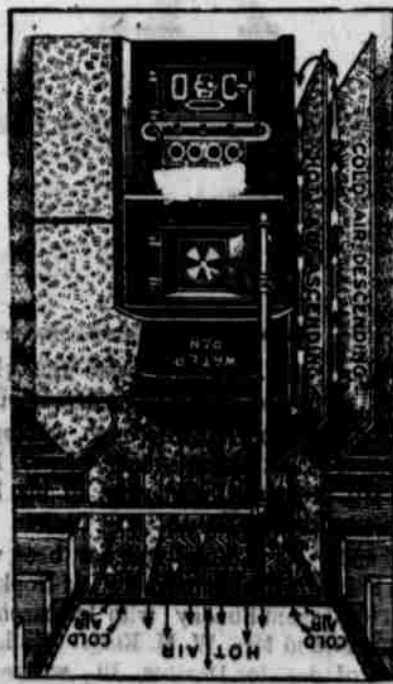
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